

The most lamentable Tragedie

That my report is iust and full of truth,  
But soft, me thinks I doe digresse too much,  
Cyting my worthlesse praise, Oh pardon me,  
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Marcus.* Now is my turne to speake, behold the child,  
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,  
The issue of an irreligious *Moore*,  
Chiefe architect and plotter of these woes,  
The villaine is aliue in *Titus* house,  
And as he is to witnes this is true,  
Now iudge what course had *Titus* to reuenge.  
These wrongs vnspokeable past patience,  
Or more than any liuing man could beare.  
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you *Romaines*?  
Haue we done ought amisse, shew vs wherein,  
And from the place where you behold vs now,  
The poore remainder of *Andronicus*  
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,  
And on the ragged stones beate forth our braines,  
And make a mutuall closure of our house:  
Speake *Romaines* speake, and if you say we shall,  
Loe hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.

*Emilius.* Come come thou reuerent man of *Rome*,  
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,  
*Lucius* our Emperour for well I know,  
The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.

*Marcus.* *Lucius*, all haile *Romes* royall Emperour,  
Goe goe into old *Titus* sorrowfull house,  
And hither hale that misbeleuing *Moore*,  
To be adiudge some direfull slaughtring death,  
As punishment for his most wicked life.

*Lucius* all haile to *Romes* gracious Gouvernour.

*Lucius.* Thanks gentle *Romaines* may I gouerne so,  
To heale *Romes* harmes, and wipe away her woe,

But

of *Titus Andronicus*.

But gentle people giue me ayme a while,  
For nature puts me to a heauie taske,  
Stand all a loofe, but Vnkle draw you neere,  
To shed obsequious teares vpon this trunk,  
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,  
These sorrowfull drops vpon thy blood slaine face,  
The last true duties of thy noble sonne.

*Marcus.* Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,  
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips,  
Oh were the summe of these that I should pay,  
Countlesse and infinite, yet would I pay them.

*Lucius.* Come hither boy come, come and learne of vs  
To melt in showers, thy Grandfire lou'd thee well,  
Many a time he daunst thee on his knee,  
Sung thee a sleepe, his louing breast thy pillow,  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meete and agreeing with thine infancie,  
In that respect then, like a louing child.  
Shed yet some finall drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so,  
Friends should associate friends in grieve and woe.  
Bid him farewell, commit him to the graue,  
Doe them that kindnes, and take leaue of them.

*Puer.* Oh Grandfire, Grandfire, eu'n with all my hart.  
Would I were dead so you did liue againe,  
O Lord I cannot speake to him for weeping,  
My teares will choake me if I ope my mouth.

*Romaine.* You sad *Andronicus* haue done with woes,  
Giue sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath beene breeder of these dire euent.

*Lucius.* Set him breast deepe in earth and famish him,  
There let him stand and raue and cry for foode,  
If any one releues or pitties him,  
For the offence he dies, this is our doome.

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